

THE

London Belles :

OR, A

DESCRIPTION

Of the most

Celebrated BEAUTIES

In the City of LONDON.

The Ladies Names.

2 Mrs. Goulston's,
3 Mrs. Ward,
4 Mrs. Dashwood,
5 Mrs. Ellick,
6 Mrs. Maddocks,
7 Mrs. Richmond,
8 Mrs. Leuton,
9 Mrs. Furness,
10 Mrs. Bull's,
11 Mrs. Vernon,
12 Mrs. Stringer,
13 Mrs. Thompson,
14 Mrs. Craffers,
15 Mrs. Dupont,
16 Mrs. Buckle,
17 Mrs. Lawrence,

23 Lady Child, Widow,
26 Mrs. Rawlinson,
27 Mrs. Houblon,
29 Mrs. Child,
30 Mrs. Gore,
31 Mrs. Shepherd,
32 Mrs. Asburst,
33 Mrs. Beckford,
34 Mrs. Benson,
35 Mrs. Crawley,
36 Mrs. Newland,
37 Mrs. Way,
38 Mrs. Eyre,
39 Mrs. Dodwell,
40 Mrs. Davis,
41 Mrs. Jackson.

LONDON.

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The London Belles, &c.

TH O' greater Stars, plac'd in a higher Sphere,
By their vast distance don't so bright appear,
Lights of less Magnitude look nigh as clear.
The Rays that shoot from Beauties piercing Sun,

Thro' ev'ry Clime with equal Force do run?
Men, like adolators, her Rising do adore,
And own themselves the Creatures of her Pow'r.
So *Adam* did when *Eden* was his own,
Paid his first Off'ring to the Female Throne;
Eve first receiv'd the Homage of his knee,
By whom he lost his Immortality.
Thus he entail'd upon his Mortal Race,
The same Devotion to a Beauteous Face,
And thus Mankind, who boast of Liberty,
Are but the Salves of every Charming She.



Since Beauty then's the Sun we call Divine,
And cannot live but when she's pleas'd to shine;
How can our Opticks so much Lustre bear,
Of many in one Hemisphere?

The Sun himself one Orb alone controuls
But Beauty through a thousand Orbits rould,
And scoras to be confin'd to both the Poles.
Aid then, my willing *Muse*, ye Sacred Nine,
Lest she debase the Image made Divine;
And by her Artless Lays prophane the Name
Of Beauty; Dear to Poetry and Fame:
Whose Trumpet loud did Eccho forth her Praise,
When Nymphs Crown'd all the happy Swains with Bays;
And Shepherds then, that Worshipp'd on the Plain,
Was Destin'd afterwards as Gods to Reign.

Pan thus was rais'd, whom Shepherds do Adore,
Because he Worship'd Beauty here before,
So *Hellen* was to *Paris* giv'n the Prize,
For owning but the Power of *Venus's* Eyes;
So just is Beauty to her Voraries.

But if we Statutes make, nor Goddesses create,
We must take care of *Niobe's* sad Fate;
Be chang'd to senseless Stone, that Justice share,
From what we would be thought, to be made what we are:
Mortals too Charming to approach the Shrine,
Where Lights not made with hands do daily shine.
Tapers, not faint and glimmering, but bright
As *Venus*, midst the lesser stars at Night.

So Sparkling Eyes their Lustre do display,
Their Sleep's the Night, their walking makes the Day.

If Eyes such Magick round about them throw,
What Pleasure does in Curling Tresses grow ?
Such soft Enchantment's spread in ev'ry Hair,
Like Winding Shades we lose our Senses there;
Till on the blooming Cheeks we cast our Eye,
And Blush our selves to see the the Crimson die,
That Nature has unerring on them thrown,
Fresh as the Rose just at the Sun-rise blown :
Fair as the Dawning Day the Skin is spread,
And so adorns the whole with streaks of Red.
Like Ivory Pillars, Teeth in order grow,
Proceeding from the Coral Gums below ;
Cover'd with Lips, whose Lustre does out-shine
The *Ruby*, or the Beautiful *Carmine*.

And that Variety might be express,
No *Swan*'s so white a Neck, or soft a Breast,
As Woman, that is excellently fair,
For Nature Triumphs in her Bounty there ;
Which she's bestow'd, not only for to please,
But as a kind Repose to give Men ease :
On that Indulgent Pillow once laid down,
Monarchs forget the Glories of a Crown,
And Heroes all their Dangers undergon.
The Statesman of this Seat of Joy possesst,
No longer thinks what may the State molest,
But reckons on himself securely blest.
If such Enchantment lie in one soft part,
What wondrous Magick centers in the Heart ?
Diffusing round its Influence ev'ry where,
In Looks, in Words, in Gesture, and in Air,
In Shape, in Mein, in ev'ry Graceful Turn,
The Fire is kindled, and the Passions burn.
How does the Hand move ev'ry Vital part,
And steal in gently to the Lover's heart ?
With equal Force, Unguarded Man surprize,
And make as sure a Conquest as the Eyes,
Whose pointed Darts no Mortal yet withstood,
They wound at distance, yet infect the Blood,
And Revel there without the least controul,
Till all the Poison reach the very Soul.

So *GOULSTON*'s Eyes the Power of Beauty show
And spread their influence round 'em as they go ;
Quick kindling Flames in both of them appear,
Out-shining the Rich Brillants that they were ;
Yet Soft and Languishing these Charmers look,
As if they had these Airs from Britain took :

A Soil so Fertile, with Fair Beauties sown,
We're apt to think there are none but our own:
But here two Noble Bright, Examples shine,
And show th' Extensiveness of Beauties Line.

But yet if Beauty grow in Foreign Soils,
ALBION's an Empire where she always smiles.
While as her Cretan-Cliffs her Natives are,
Or as the First-Born Light, Divinely Fair,
As *WARD*'s Complexion, or as *DASHWOODS* Hair.
As both thir eyes Cerulean Lights dispence.
And Charm with unaffected Innocence.

But see the Goddess of our Vows appears,
Which such a solemn Garb Vertue wears,
We warm with Love, and chill again with Fears.
ELLICK, Augusta cries! *ELLICK*'s the Name,
Her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Soul's the same;
All Beautiful, and Exquisitely Bright,
No Spot or Stain disturbs the Curious Sight,
But when we gaze, still 'tis with fresh Delight;
And when she speaks, the Musick of her Tongue,
Pleases beyond the force of *Tosfes* Song;
Each Motion too, has some peculiar Grace,
That takes beyond anothers Fairer Face:
Her Step, her Easie Gate, her Active Feet,
Tie down our Eyes, the Nimble Charm to meet.

'Tis *Mortoux*, thou art now no more,
The Idol which the City must adore;
Those Charms which sent their Killing Beams Abroad,
And call'd from Court each Youthful Am'rous Lord,
Are Buried now, in thy late Nuptial Bed,
Where all thy Virgin Innocence is laid;
That was the Sweet that call'd the Buyer in,
The Purchase now is greater by the Sin:
How e'er thy Looks, Engaging Dress, and Air,
Will give the Lover's Hope, you no Dispair.

While Rigid Vertue Reigns in *RICHMOND*'s Eyes,
Her Breast is Tender, and her Conduct Wise,
Soft Languishing her Looks, her Soul Sincere,
Yet no Ill-Natur'd Smiles are Regent there;
But gentle Goodness makes her Aspect Kind,
And Beauty wontons in her Face and Mind.

LENTON puts on a true Majestick Grace,
That carries Grandure in a Lovely Face;
Yet with such Tenderness are drawn the Lines,
In every Feature some Good-Nature shines;
Her Killing Eyes shoot out such Fetter'd Darts.
They wound so gently, that they melt all Hearts.
The Flame that kindles in her Peaceful Breast,
Burns others up, but only warms her self to Rest.

FURNESS, *Augusta's* Sprightly *Venus* see,
 She only wants the little *Deity*.
 To show she's Goddess of the Charming Race,
 Since *Youth* and *Beauty* Revel in her Face;
Native Simplicity her *Vertue* owns,
 And *Winning Charms* are pregnant in her Frowns.

See **BULL's** Complexions, and that pleasing Bloom
 From the sweets of *Innocence* does come;
 Eane, Gentle, from the Reserv'd breed free,
 The wond'rous Charm of *Modest Liberty*,
 A thousand different ways these *Beauties* move,
 To all Degrees of *Vertue* and of *Love*.

VERNON's agreeable in ev'ry Turn,
 Her easie Air 'tis makes the *Lovers* Burn;
 So unaffected ev'ry thing appears,
 No Dress, but is Genteel, that **VERNON** wears;
 And if she let her Eyes extend their Power,
 The *Swain* is wretched that her Charms Adore.

But hold, — take care my Muse,
 Lest **STRINGER's** Matchless *Beauty* thou abuse;
 And with too Rash a Hand sully the Fair,
 And Faultless Form of Studious *Nature's* care,
 We know not which Excels, her *Shape* or *Air*,
 Her *Careless Mein*, her soft *Engaging Look*,
 Which yet for Infant *Bembo's* might be took:
 So Tender she is touch'd in ev'ry part,
 None wou'd willingly refuse his Heart.

THOMPSON's Good-Nature, has awinning *Grace*,
 That equally effects us, as her Face;
 Which, with a Shape so easie, Artless joyn'd,
 Shows us the equal Freedom of her Mind;
 So from a well appointed Dress is seen
 The Sense of *Fifty*, Air of *Seventeen*.

CRAFFORD's are like the *Fabul Sisters* Three,
 In Number equal, not in Quality,
 These are our Wishes, those our Destiny,
 The First, we justly may admire for Sense,
 In Humane-kind the chiefest Excellence.
 Next that, *Proportion* is the kindling Fire,
 And *Shape* the Loadstone that attracts Desire;
 All these at last Center'd in Youthful Charms,
 Procure the Coldest Lovers to their Arms:
 But where such bright Perfections shine
 In each distinct, and each in Nature fine,
 We cannot think 'em much less than Divine.

DUPORT's agreeable engaging way
 Enclines my Muse to make strict Survey.

Observe the taking *Beauties* that arise,
Both from her unaffected *Mein* and *Eyes* :
And when she's pleas'd to Dance, her Motion's such,
We never think she can perform too much :
So graceful 'tis she moves, and yet so Free,
Her *Ease* she Expresses in her *Liberty*.

If *Youth*, and all the Charms that from it rise,
Have power to fix a wand'ring *Lóver's Eyes*,
BUCKLY has that, and ev'ry pleasing Grace
That *Beauty* gives us in a Shape or Face.
Her moving *Eyes* direct us to admire,
But 'tis her *Blushes* sets our *Hearts* on Fire.

See now how *Art* and *Nature* both are kind,
In two Bright Sisters intimately joyn'd :
The *LAWRENCES* their Fragrant Charms express,
While all Mankind their Influence confels ;
Darts from their piercing *Eyes* like Light'ning fly,
And scatter *Wild Contagion* thro' the Sky.
Such Lovely Features, and such Charming Hair,
Shining, and Black as *Raven's* Feathers are,
Are Foils invincible that *Nature* does prepare ;
And by unerring Methods to us shows,
The choicest *Beauties* in her Gardens grows.

So *CHILD* appears the Loveliest of her Kind,
T' whom *Nature* has so large a Portion joyn'd,
A Beautous Body, and a God-like Mind.
Fair as the Heaven's is her Complexion seen,
Artless her Dress, Unstudied is her *Mein* ;
Free from a Formal, and Consulted Air,
The *Natural* and the *Ease* are her care.

The *RAWLINSON's* free from an Air precise,
Unpractic'd in the Arts of *Female Vice*,
Are in their Dress Genteel, their Conduct Wise.
Beauty is not a vain Fantastick thing,
But unaffected does its Pleasure bring.
Here 'tis that Satisfaction we may find,
When *Nature* to a Large and Baunteous Mind,
Agreeably has *Sense* and *Humour* join'd.

Bright *HOUBLON* moves with irresistible Air,
Her Form's engaging as her Face is fair ;
No Charm she wants but that of *Pittyng Love*,
Beauty does now its Pow'r too forward prove,
Unless the Nymph she to Compassion move.

But see the *GHILD's* conform to *JUNO's* Grace,
Show *Airs* of *Pride*, surpasses a *Venus* Face :
Majestick Greatness in a Womans Soul,
More than the finest *Beauty* does controul :

From meanest Actions it preserves the Fair,
 And forces *Vertue* to a watchful Care ;
 To *Honour's* Rules it is the surest Tye,
 And suffers nought but Decent *Liberty*.

The softness which in *GORE's* fair Eyes we see,
 Admits of nought but tender Piety ;
 No other Inclination can we find,
 But Gentle Nature, Innocently kind.
Charms, which Seraphick Pleasure must move,
 And wou'd invite an Angel to her Love.

What Mortal can behold the Pleasing Air
 In *JACKSON*, and not own the Lovely Fair ?
 Where such bright Charms are in her Face display'd,
 She, tho' a Wife, Triumphs as if a Maid :
 Who views her well, the Object must admire,
 Her Beauteous Hand alone procures Desire,
 And ev'ry Feature in her carries Fire.

SHEPHERD delights us with a well fraught Mind,
 For Youth and Wit, with so much goodness joyn'd
 Are Charms that surely Captivate Mankind.
 What wond'rous Influence must they dispence
 When they are mix'd with Beauty and with sense.

ASHURST the Darling Fav'rite of the Town,
 Commands *Augusta* with a sullen Frown :
 Such Pow'r has Woman that is Charming Fair,
 Mankind is vainly pleas'd with ev'ry Air
 She sends from her Killing Eyes, they Look
 When she is Angry, as if Thunder-struck :
 But when she Smiles, what Pleasure 'tis we see,
 As if she was some little Deity,
 That Fires our Souls with Love and Extasie.

So *BECKFORD* gives the admiring World delight,
 Her Lovely Form, like Angels Gay and Bright,
 Strikes us with wonder at th' approaching Sight :
 So quick she moves with a becoming Pace,
 We scarce can judge the most Excelling Grace,
 Her Easie Manner, or her Beauteous Face.
 Nature so Nicely both has interwove,
 We know not which do most procure ones Love ;
 But this we know, and by Experience find,
 She's not so Beautiful as she's Unkind.

BENSON has sparkling Eyes, whose Magick Pow'r,
 A Thousand Worshippers each Day adore ;
 The Sun himself, each Morn, at his up-rise,
 Receives nor half that Godlike Sacrifice.
 The Lovers here such Idolizers are,
 They weep to find a Deity so Fair ;
 And yet so Cruel to refuse their Prayer,

When all they move for by their Fond Address,
Is hers, as well as their own Happiness.

What e'er's Engaging, Charming, Young, or Fair,
Are in the Tender Features writ of *ETRE*;
Such Pow'r her Eyes to move ev'ry Heart;
Each Glance she casts at Mankind is a Dart;
Each Look's a Charm, and ev'ry Smile's a Grace,
That wanton in the Beauties of her Blooming Face.

CRAWLEY the Muses can't enough commend,
So much a Sister, and so much a Friend;
Wit joyn'd to *Beauty* must needs clearer shine,
Since one is by the other made Divine.
What Offspring great enough then can we pay
To such an *Altar*, such a *Deity*?

Where *Virtue* shines so exquisitely bright,
Her Image, like Heaven's Glorious Light,
Surprizes, so we cannot bear its sight.

WAT's pretty little Innocence must please,
For that's a Charm that moves a Thousand ways:
A Thousand *Beauties* in her we adore,
For which Ten Thousand suffer ev'ry Hour.

But *NEULAND*, like the Spring, still Fresh and Gay,
Her *Orient* Charms each Morning does display,
And Reigns the Object of our Wishes all the Day.
No sooner her *Meridian* Lustre shines,
But it appears, like *Silver Oar*, in baser *Mines*.
Such lasting Brightness nothing can disdain
Her Snowy Skin, or Lips so dy'd in Grain.

Now *Muse* prepare all thy Poetick Art,
And study only to describe a part
Of Charming *DODWELL*; for the Beauteous whole,
Wou'd be too great a Task for such a Soul.
Her Native Shape, her Artful Dress enflame,
The Younger Sister she, the brighter Dame;
But see at once her Languishing soft Eyes,
She looks but gently, and the Lover dies.
If thus Men Perish, when she casts them down,
They wou'd consume to Ashes at her Frown.

DAVIS! alas my *Muse* can say no more!
The Idol once the Merchants did adore,
Nor has she still less *Beauty*, tho' less *Power*.
Fled from her *Temple*, they her Absence Mourn,
And sigh and wish in vain for her return.
Oh, cou'd my Verse the wish'd for *Nymph* restore,
More Worshippers she'd have than heretofore;
Venus her self at *Delos* did adore.

22 JY 69

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